THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1461.

Original Poetry.

TRUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY REV. ABEL C. THOMAS.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—*Psalm* 85: 11.

Oh deem it not Fable nor fancy uncouth
Whereof the Mythologists tell,
Of seeking and finding the pebble of Truth
In the bottom of a well.

In God's holy Spirit, creative alone,
Hath Truth a derivative birth;
Yet zenith and nadir, in every zone,
And realms intermediate, lay claim to her throne—
And, all things pervading where order is known,
She springs from the heart of the earth.

How fearfully dizzy would be the brink
Of a shaft through the globe's deep core!
To the central point of the thought-shaft sink,
And *the downward* will be no more.

Once fathomed the depth, *the upward* is all,
Through fathomless, infinite space,
From the central point of this fire-earth ball—
Where elements struggle to burst their thrall,
And deep unto deep must forever call—
To the light of the Lord's own face.

The pathway of thought, in a theme such as this,
By angels is worthily trod:
Humanity fathoms THE DOWNWARD abyss—
THE UPWARD is centred in God!

And upward, still upward, Truth constantly yearns,
With an instinct of life divine;
And her mystical lore the philosopher learns,
While ignorance nothing but terror discerns,
Where the death-dealing fire-damp explodes or burns,
In depths of the cavernous mine.

To the science-enlightened Geologist's ken,
She leaps from the strata of rock,
And the skill and the chisel of curious men
Embody her out of the block.

And when on the earth-crust there falleth a shower,
She heareth the pattering rain,
And gently ariseth in verdure and flower,
That man in the meadow and maid in the bower,
Alike may enjoy and partake of the dower
That crowneth the hill and the plain.

Oh how the high sentiment quickens and warms
The heart to a heavenly birth,
That Truth, in ten thousands of beautiful forms,
Ever springs from the bosom of earth!

She springeth to bear thee, oh, marvellous soul!
Through fathomless, infinite space,
From the sensual downward of earth's control—
From the path of the worm and the groping mole,
And the lust of the flesh—to the spirit goal,
The light of the Lord's own face.

LOVER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Like a beam of summer splendor
Trembling on the frozen air,
Is the maiden—oh! defend her,
Angels, from the clouds of care!

Like a May-shower softly weeping,
When the sky is all aglow,
Are her golden tresses sweeping
O'er her bosom's dainty snow.

Harp-strings kissed by lily fingers,
Make not music half so choice,
As within his bosom lingers
Who has heard her charmed voice!

Dearer than its honeyed treasure
To the golden-belted bee—
Of all sweet delights the measure,
Is the maid I love to me.

Pictures of Life

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

THE TWO BROTHERS; OR, LEAVES FROM ADMIRAL LORD MINORCA'S NOTE BOOK.

BY MRS. WARD.

Almost all of us bear in our hearts the impress of some event from which we date even our first consciousness of existence; and strange it is that while important circumstances, occurring in our riper years, leave comparatively little impression, the incidents in youth, with which our minds have little or no connection, are often fairly stereotyped on our brain, we know not how or why.

But *I* remember no trifling incidents. The one great event of my life cast all else into oblivion, for ...

... the good Rector's, for the purpose of receiving his instructions.

The peaceful period of my life was over; the next scene enacted in the drama of that life was a tragical one. My father, leaving my mother to the care of Wilmot and his daughter, was observed to dart through the open window of the oriel without his hat. My mother, after a long swoon, was borne to her bed, and when I next saw her she was a widow. My father had himself sought a watery grave in the small lake in the grounds at M———. I can remember the silence of the house, the whispers of the servants on the stair-case, in the lobbies, and the empty rooms, and Wilmot forbidding us to leave the house, especially desiring us not to approach the lodge.

I—spoiled boy as I was—I disobeyed him. In the dusk of the Summer's evening, I crept out of the very window through which my unhappy father had last passed alive, and making my way under cover of the shrubs that fringed the sloping lawn, I hurried to the lodge. Wilmot's caution against going there convinced me that my father had been carried thither, instead of being brought home, as we were informed by the servants he had been. There were lights streaming through the closed shutters of one window. I climbed over the little paling near it, and looked through a crevice into the apartment. Was it a vision that met my eyes? unaccustomed as they were to aught but the beautiful in this world, I could scarcely bear to look on what I saw. Was I in a dream? What was that cloud of white stretched forth upon two common deal tables placed together. There was the outline of a human form, there was the sound of lamentation in the narrow room, the lodge-keeper's wife mourning the dead thing laid there in the shroud.

Wilmot himself was there arranging sconces round the dull walls, and the number of chairs, placed uniformly together, gave me some idea of an inquest having been held there. My first impulse was to call Wilmot, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I lingered long, spell-bound; and when I had seen the little room lighted I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw Wilmot raise the white covering from the corpse.

I remember but my father's dead face, livid, yet so little distorted as to bear the appearance of being in a deep sleep; then a choking sensation in the throat arrested the scream on its passage from my ...

Our Portrait Gallery.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The above is a portrait of Miss Edgeworth, taken many years ago, before age had impaired the charms which had been given her by nature. Miss Edgeworth lived to the age of eighty-two; yet, to the last day of her life, her faculties remained unimpaired, and the fascination of her society was as great as ever. Those, even, who came in for a short morning call, would remain for hours, loth to terminate her conversation. The latter years of Miss Edgeworth's life were passed between Edgeworth's Town and the rectory of Trim, the residence of her brother-in-law, the rector, the amiable Dean Butler—himself a well-known scholar and antiquarian. Trim rectory is in the vicinage of Laricor, great in the recollections of Swift and Stella; and not far from it is the birth-place of Wellington; so that this locality combines the memory of three of the greatest minds of Ireland. Miss Edgeworth was expected at this rectory the very day on which the news of her death arrived. She had driven out in her carriage in her apparent usual health on that day, when she felt a sudden weakness, and returning home, she, in the course of a few hours, gradually and gently sunk into death. An Irish lady and poetess, in announcing her demise to a friend, writes thus:—"I feel it difficult to express my deep regret for Miss Edgeworth's sudden and totally unexpected death. You cannot well imagine the charm of her society, or the attraction of her manners and superior sense; she was never occupied by self; one was sure of pleasing her in whatever way one essayed the trial; she would laugh like an Irish woman in exuberant enjoyment of any pleasant subject; her warm-hearted benevolence, aided by her warm-hearted love of country, was delightful. I never felt greater pride or gratitude in the affection of any one, male or female, than in hers."

Romance of History.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

FANNY CROMWELL: A Tale of the Puritans.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

... and suffering withal to teach us that all our sufficiency is of God. I have often said to myself, lo, now have I learned the lesson, yet, ere long, the burden again presseth heavily. But I am willing to be pressed out of measure—yea, even to the loss of life, if I may be an instrument of good to those who sigh and cry for the pure Gospel and Christ's rule in England, and to our Protestant brethren in other lands, that they may be delivered from the power of the man of sin, and may come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

... think they had met before. Certainly she did not, as she was wont, retire behind her sister, and throw upon her the burden of conversation with the stranger.

Her vivacity did not return when they resumed their journey. Her quick eye discerned the shade that had passed over Mary's features, and she rightly divined the cause.

Late in the evening they arrived at their destination. It was a plain mansion, situated in the northern extremity of Huntingdon. It was venerable for its antiquity, and most interesting to Lady Cromwell, as the scene of the first sixteen years of her wedded life.

As soon as the sisters were alone in their chamber, Fanny threw her arms of faultless mould around the neck of Mary, and, tenderly kissing her, said: "My dear sister thinks I have been wanting in duty to her."

Mary did not disavow the imputed thought. "It is not so," continued Fanny, and the tear-drop rolled down her cheek in proof of her sincerity.

"When," said Mary, "did you meet with young Rich?"

"I never spoke with him before this day; I have seen him often when I have been riding with our grandmother in the park."

"I thought from your manner that you had met before."

"I have no concealments from my sister," (—not spoken with your usual truth—you have not told Mary of the glances exchanged between you, and how irregular were the beatings of your heart—) "do you not think the Earl is a noble-looking man?"

"He is, as our father says, a noble of God's creation. I am sorry that he has such an unworthy son."

"Lord Rich's misconduct should not prejudice ...

The World Abroad.

PENCILLINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. GOLDEN.

ORIBI, ALBONI AND JENNY LIND.

I am Metamorphosed. Albeni before I saw her great rival the "Swedish nightingale." Jenny Lind. Madame Grisi sang with her upon the occasion, and they sang exceedingly well, sang very enchantingly, too. But she is no longer the rage of the fashionable world—her brightness has passed away, and her power. Making no pretensions to musical skill, of course I venture upon no criticisms, but I can relate my impressions. It was my first visit to an opera, and I should not perhaps have then made the right subject of the birthtime of a kind friend who urged me to share his box with him for the evening at the Royal Italian Opera. We stepped into our box (which cost for the night twenty-five dollars) a few minutes before eight, the time for the curtain to arise, and the night of itself, was worth the trouble of a visit. Imagine a vast interior lighted by a numerous chandeliers which shed light like the sun—between two and three hundred splendid rooms filled with the nobility, and wisdom and beauty of England, blood, wealth and talent—a vast pit, a small gallery and an amphitheatre, and you have the inside of the Royal Italian Opera. We gaze—etiquette of the house, put and stable, is indecorously rigid, even to which the lid glares and a certain colored waistcoat—but "where a man is among Romans," or finds, "he must do as the Romans" or finds "do." The opera to the evening was Scotti's delicious *Lady of the Lake*, Italianized. The band of performers and numbers 2 members, and the effect of their music, when combined with the voices of the singers, was almost miraculous. An idea of the power and sublimity of musical sounds exists over me, such as I never felt before.

Madame Grisi was dressed in the simplest manner possible—no gloss whatever, with a crimson turban prettily adjust the waist. Her figure has her acting, was good, especially where fire, enthusiasm and daring were in the issue she sang. Her eyes flashed forth the true Italian fire, and her hair was dark and beautiful. Her voice, to me, was exceedingly sweet and thrilling, and while she sang, I could but remember the superiority of her, which I said to be true—how that once being invited by some haughty noble-man in London to an evening party, when the supper was announced, an official politely informed her that supper was provided on *a shorter room for the musicians*! The proud tolerance, in the insolence of his haughtiness, forgot decency in his treatment of an invited guest! Grisi later stumbled—how her black eyes shot lightning, and her step grew haughty! A half-dozen of the "stink" of the nobility and literary aristocracy followed her into her secluded supper room, and there, with her associate singers, she sang outrageous songs of marvellous beauty, that the audience would hear; full on upon their knees for the privilege of supper table! There was put left the magnificent, passionate acting of the enemy qualities, and that sweet dignity that was her glory in the days when she was the morning star.—Now she is in the evening star, for her youth days are gone.

Mdlle. Alboni sang the part of Malcolm the same evening, and her voice was the softest, clearest, that I had then ever heard. She was dressed with simplicity and her charm of her acting was in a certain naivete that appeared in every gesture. She is fat, and with a beautiful person, as regards form hair, and a lovely countenance. When she came out upon the stage, she was greeted with applause, and her first notes were like a bird's—so soft, gushing and artless. Although so far away from her, in a distant box, and more in ears in so clearly and distinctly. At length she seemed to gather courage, or passion, and grew more full and declamatory in her style and voice. Then the military orchestra broke in upon her, and her silvery tones were lost, and were watched, fainter, yet almost as clearly as ever. Then the orchestra's thunder died away, and she sang—sang! as song by her alone. Every moment, aided to the intense passion of her manner, and the wonderful sweetness and depth of her voice. Up and up, farther and farther into the deep blue, went her voice, until an idea seized me that a certain note—so high that I could only imagine it—should be her resting place, should complete the harmony. And her now beautiful effort she reached it, and passed there like a bird, filling the capacious theatre with the thrilling note, and then back returned. All had been still, pain fully still, until that time reached and reached, but then such a clapping of delicate hands, such a waving of kerchiefs, I never saw before. Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) arose in his box, and there to her a splendid bouquet, which, with admirable perception, she threw into the back of her trial, Grisi. The two sons of old Gaspar Louis Philippe (now Count de Eu) were there, and "followed suit" with their bouquets. There were many other thrilling scenes and passages, but none equaling in wonderful compass of voice and almost sublimity of passion, this scene.

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A THRILLING SKETCH.

"Ada us in the pledge, Colonel; surely you will not refuse me," said a beautiful bride, coming from a bevy of bridesmaids and attendants—a box of brimming champagne in the spake.

The gentleman whom she addressed had evidently refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wine, prepared for the guests. His feeling himself the subject of general attention—the bride's request—spoke a language not to be misunderstood, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass and, bowing gracefully, drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy bridegroom, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into the circle of bridesmaids. "I knew Colonel Warren would not refuse me. What a pity he has got such terrible recollections in his head. He used to be foremost when a happy a lover, and now he is sentimental when the wine circulated."

No one was there to sentimentalize this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had devoted a considerable share of his attention to wine, as the victim of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain pretended him to allow his recollections. Some pitied his misfortune—others had endeavored to induce him to join them in convivial parties, but his answer was always the same. This was the first time, since his return, that he had been induced to taste the accursed of lustre. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the set would not break a resolution which more than one fell to be a stomach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No person can adequately describe the emotions of Colonel Warren during the moment he handed the face taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had always been known to treat a lady as he asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his friend, a cherished friend, a companion for he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result, and a disdain of being true in the issue she sank. Her eyes flashed forth the true Italian fire, and her hair was dark and beautiful. Her voice, to me, was exceedingly sweet and thrilling, and while she sang, I could but remember the superiority of her, which I said to be true—how that once being invited by some haughty noble-man in London to an evening party, when the supper was announced, an official politely informed her that supper was provided on *a shorter room for the musicians*! The proud tolerance, in the insolence of his haughtiness, forgot decency in his treatment of an invited guest! Grisi later stumbled—how her black eyes shot lightning, and her step grew haughty! A half-dozen of the "stink" of the nobility and literary aristocracy followed her into her secluded supper room, and there, with her associate singers, she sang outrageous songs of marvellous beauty, that the audience would hear; full on upon their knees for the privilege of supper table! There was put left the magnificent, passionate acting of the enemy qualities, and that sweet dignity that was her glory in the days when she was the morning star.—Now she is in the evening star, for her youth days are gone.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR THIS AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the SATURDAY POST; for it they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other person who will exert themselves, and who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the cheapest paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains all comparatively more matter than any other paper.

For instance, turn to France. The people of France have just voted down the Act of Constitutional Republicanism, with democratic tendencies. They would by universal suffrage, have unanimously elected a helping hand to struggling liberty in Europe, and choosing a king of order, respect of law, and a desire to avoid a resort to the sword. But they have not done so. But what do the newspapers of the French people turn to seek for such facts? Do they tell us that the people are "Red Republicans,"—a party which has little respect for the sacredness of order, but an utter love of change for the sake of change, merely, rather. Constitutional *Freedom* as of less importance than some visionary theory? Do they tell us that the people have a moral and intellectual recklessness revelling in the excitement of crime, and a disposition to make crime or misfortune, has "nothing to lose, and everything to gain."

Now, we have reasons to fear that the republican cause has fallen into the hands of men of this description, but we believe the following is an extract from a Manifesto of the Socialist Democratic committee published in Germany, and we think it is quite as much in the folly and ultrasism of the leaders of the liberal party, as to the baseness and ignorance of the masses.

"The reform of the present state of society must go hand in hand with and be made permanent by a reform in the relations between capital and labor. Destruction. Education and instruction must, therefore, be the principal objects of our attention. To this end we must try to make men fit constitutional rights, and to do so respect desire reform, but to do so respect desire reform."

Now, we say nothing against the honesty of the Socialist Democratic committee, but we think it is wondered at that the masses of the people should recoil from following such leaders. We know that the people of France, like the people of this country, are not fools. The fact that the constitutional movement party is infected with Socialism, is the reason why it is not popular. It is evident that it is not warmly supported by the middle classes, nor that German republicanism is not popular in Germany, and does not flourish, and as lastly as we may, so far the Socialist party of Europe is concerned, against all religion. We do not desire liberty at home, and we do not desire it abroad, if it is to be at other respects, we wish to break entirely with the Old World. We do not desire to "make men fit for" upon a reform claim; nor do we respect desire reform, but we do desire reform.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

The ship Charles Bartlett, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on Wednesday the 27th ult., at about 3½ P. M., was run down by the steamer Europa, and sunk in three minutes, with 134 passengers and crew.

The catastrophe occurred during a dense fog, and although the boats of the Europa were instantly lowered, and every possible assistance rendered, only 42 out of the 176 souls on board were saved. The Captain, second mate and ten of the crew were among the survivors.

The Europa is acquitted of all blame, not only by the survivors, but by the unanimous voice of the British press and public. A subscription of £332 was promptly raised by the passengers of the Europa, to which the proprietors have added £20. They likewise offered to carry the whole of the survivors from Boston to New York free of all expense.

The Charles Bartlett was bound from London to New York with immigrants, and had on board 450 tons of merchandize, consisting chiefly of lead and chalk.

R. B. Forbes, Esq., a passenger in the Europa, behaved with surprising gallantry upon the occasion, and has been presented with the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. The Europa sustained no material damage by the collision.

Captain Bartlett, of the sunken ship, gives the following particulars of the collision with the Europa:—

At 2½ P. M., being on the weather side of the poop deck, heard a rumbling to windward, like distant thunder. Turned my ear to windward and my eye to the horizon. The man at the wheel, noticing that I was listening, looked to windward and cried out, "Sail ho!" I at once saw what I supposed was a ship, about one point forward of our beam, about 400 yards distant. I ordered the helm up, thinking she did not discover us—that we should have time to clear her before she could come in contact. All hands shouted at the same time to alarm the ship, and I ordered the bell to be rung, and called to the ship to port her helm, as I saw that was the only chance of escape. There were nearly one hundred passengers on deck at the time. All was of no avail, for in one minute from the time we saw the ship she was upon us, going at the rate of twelve knots an hour, striking us abreast of the after main shrouds. The crash, and the terrible scene which ensued, I am not adequate to describe. I was knocked to leeward with the man at the wheel. I recovered myself in a moment, shouting for every person to cling to the steamer, as their only hope. I caught hold of a broken chain on the bow, and hauled myself up, shouting at the same time to the crew and passengers to follow. I had barely time to get on the steamer's bow; and while getting up I noticed that her bow was into the ship, within a foot of the after hatch, that she was stove clear to leeward, and that full 20 feet of her side was stove in.—There must have been nearly fifty persons killed by the collision. Every exertion was made by Captain Lott, his officers and crew, and the passengers on board the steamer. The boats were lowered as soon as possible. Unfortunately, only about ten were saved by the boats; the balance, numbering 32, more or less, saved themselves by hanging to the bow. The steamer lay by the scene of the disaster as long as there was any hope of saving any of the sufferers.

The following is an extract from Capt. Forbes's account of the disaster:

"At two o'clock of the day named, not being well, I retired to my state room in the forward cabin, and lay down with my clothes on, on the settee, and soon fell asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a crash and a shock which I could not misunderstand. I rushed upon deck, and to the port bow of our ship, where the most appalling spectacle presented itself; the bow of our ship appeared to be half way through the barque, having entered her just abaft the main rigging, on the port side. She had all sail set; one glance at the ill fated barque satisfied me that she must instantly go down, and that no earthly power could save many of the passengers. The after hatches were obstructed by pieces of broken timbers; the main hatch was entirely clear, and appeared to be filled with women and children, vainly endeavoring to get on deck. I should judge that the ladder had been knocked down in the general crash. The water at this time was rushing into the vessel like a mill race. Seeing that the only chance to save any one was to lower our boats, I rushed aft, taking off my overcoat and my frock coat as I went along, on my way, and when near the after part of the port paddle box, I perceived that men were already engaged in clearing away the quarter-boats. I stopped to endeavor to clear away the life-boat, but being alone, and having nothing but a small jack knife to cut the lashings, I saw that my efforts would be of no avail in time. Just as I was abandoning the effort, I perceived a woman and child, the latter some ten feet from the woman, floating past the paddle-box. I instantly jumped down on the grating or sponson, abaft the wheel, crying to the many spectators about the main rigging for a rope; 'for God's sake give me a rope!' but every one seemed stunned and paralyzed by the sudden and awful scene."

Captain Forbes ultimately succeeded in preserving several lives, at great risk to himself; but, as has been related, only 42 out of 176 souls on board the ill-fated ship were saved. But one woman is among the survivors—not one child.

Among the passengers lost, of which there is no list, are the following:

Mr. Thomas Parker, of Charleston, S. C.; George P[illegible], of Portland, Me.; Wm. Rich, of Gravesend, England.

The following named passengers, bound to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., were saved from the wreck of the Charles Bartlett:

[illegible]

THE SPY IN WASHINGTON

A correspondent of the New York "Mercury" gives the following account of the rather dishonourable manner in which the celebrated correspondent of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," "The Spy in Washington," usually obtained his information:—

My old and excellent friend, Matthew L. Davis—who, by the way, sat a long time at the same desk with me—was regarded, and justly, too, whilst he was known as the "Spy in Washington," as a man of infinitely more consequence than any member of Congress. He was the acknowledged and well known correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. His letters were written in a style of pure Anglo Saxon rhetoric, and were absolutely wonderful for their accuracy. For four years, at least, Mr. Davis regularly, and with the strictest fidelity, imparted to the world the proceedings of the Executive or Secret Sessions of the Senate. He was, in fact, a Delphic Oracle; and the Senate was bothered and perplexed in its efforts to find out how he got hold of its secret proceedings. Every effort and inquiry it made proved idle and unsuccessful. As time has obliterated the past, and as my old friend is not far from the esplanade of eternity, I shall commit no violence if I reveal his mode of operation. There was a lady in the question; and that lady was Mrs. George Poindexter, of Mississippi, formerly Miss Hewes, or Hewett, of Boston.

With that lady, my venerable friend was a favorite, and he had the good luck to be on intimate terms with her husband.

Mr. Poindexter was often solicited by Mr. Davis to afford him an inkling of what was going on in the Senate; but, as that remarkably conscientious individual was bound by his oath—and a Senatorial oath is of corresponding value with a custom house oath—not to reveal the secrets of the Senatorial conclave, he could not yield compliance. But he could do something else. Every man, according to all the principles of ancient knighthood and of chivalry, is at liberty to "tell his wife all he knows," and Mr. Senator Poindexter made his love the sole depository of Senatorial rapscallionism and perfidy. And Mrs. Senator Poindexter, "originally Miss Hewes, of Boston," had the goodness and the liberality to communicate everything to my old and adored friend, Davis, the "Spy in Washington." He kept everything to himself till it was published in the columns of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and then he would tell me all about it.

The mode of communication between Mrs. Poindexter and Mr. Davis, was rather cabalistic than otherwise. Language was not employed. Governor Poindexter was very lame—the consequence of early piety and sexagenarian baptism—and was obliged to ride from the Capitol to his lodgings. His wife was always at the Capitol to receive him when the Senate adjourned. Mr. Davis always met the husband and wife, and invariably handed the lady to her carriage. When engaged in this act of gallantry, he would ask him, for instance—

"Has the Senate, in Secret Session, had the confirmation of Mr. Livingston under consideration?"

If an affirmative answer were intended, the lady touched the hand of Mr. Davis, which was placed on the steps of the carriage, with her toe. If a negative response were intended, the lady kept her toe to herself, and avoided the hand.

By this, and a corresponding scheme of arrangements, Mr. Matthew L. Davis became possessed of the secret movements of the United States Senate.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE NORTH.—The exact period for the departure of President Taylor for the North is not yet settled. The Republic says the prevalence of the Cholera may induce him to abandon the visit altogether.

THE HUNGARIAN WOMEN

An old adage says: "Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are." In a similar spirit, it might be said to a people: Tell us what kind of women you have amongst you, and we will tell you what kind of men you are.

A writer upon Hungary, in the Ledger, of this city, thus describes the Hungarian women:

"To the great moral resources of Hungary, in her present death-struggle for independence, must yet be reckoned the character and devotion of the women. For years back, it was the women of Hungary who gave the most powerful impulse to the national feeling. It is they who fostered the Hungarian language, and its literature, and who inspired patriotic sentiments in their husbands, sons and lovers. Ever since Pesth,—by the Magyars themselves, from its rapid progress, called the "New York of Old Europe"—became the capital of Hungary, the noble-women refused to spend the income from their large estates at Vienna. They looked on the Hungarian families of the Esterhazys, Kobarys, Nadastys and Czichys, which are almost domiciliated in Austria, if not as absolute traitors, at least as deserters of the cause of their country. Girls refused to marry men who would not vow to shun Vienna, and in no case to accept the office of Chamberlain, or any other court title of distinction. Every national effort from whatever source, was sure of being rewarded by the women. The highest in rank, Countesses and Baronesses, taught infant schools, and instructed the children of the poor in the language and history of their forefathers. One of these, a Countess Brunswick, sister to the *Judex Curiæ*, the man second in rank only to the Viceroy Palatinus, established and taught in several of these institutions, during my presence at Pesth; but had to make several journies to Vienna before she could obtain the royal consent to this act of philanthropic and patriotic devotion. 'What do you teach these children?' demanded the late Emperor Francis I., when she remonstrated against the interference of the Government. 'I teach them to become good and useful men and women,' was the noble reply of the Countess. 'I wish,' retorted the Emperor, 'you would teach them to become loyal subjects.' Education in Austria has ever been looked upon as the proper means of teaching the young the prerogatives of their rulers, and the duty of submission on the part of the slaves.

"And here I must pay a just tribute to the personal charms of these women who devote their lives and fortunes to the moral and intellectual elevation of their country. When beauty fires patriotism, we may indeed be prepared to witness deeds of heroic valor. And what beauty is this that acts as a talisman on a brave people in arms for their dearest rights! No fading moonlight countenances, blanched by privation and sorrow—no waning cheeks lit up with the paroxysm of despair—no polished marble, with its cold, repulsive indifference—no figures of the drawing room, tortured into shape by some heathen milliner—no withered relics of conventional endurance. There is a wild, daring, *piercing* beauty about these women, sprung directly from the Caucassian mountains, by the side of which your soft, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Saxon maid looks like a faint lithograph by the side of one of Coreggio's incarnations. Such women, deeply imbued with a sense of their country's wrongs, and a female purpose to avenge them, are now lashing the frenzy of the men to deadly combat."

HENRY CLAY'S LETTER.

A Convention to celebrate the anniversary of Jefferson's celebrated ordinance of 1787, recently assembled in Cleveland. To an invitation to attend it, Henry Clay replied as follows:

ASHLAND, June 16, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your official letter, in behalf of the Freemen of the Reserve inviting me to unite with them, at Cleveland, in celebrating the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, on the 13th of July next. I concur entirely in opinion as to the wisdom of that great measure, and I am glad that it has secured to the States, on which it operates, an exemption from the evils of Slavery. But the event of the passage of the Ordinance has never, within my knowledge, been celebrated in any one of the sixty one years which has since intervened. It is proposed for the first time to commemorate it. It is impossible to disguise the conviction, that this purpose originates out of the question, now *unfortunately* agitating the whole Union, of the introduction of slavery into New Mexico and California. While no one can be more opposed than I am to the extension of Slavery into those new territories, either by the authority of Congress or by individual enterprise, I should be unwilling to do anything to increase the prevailing excitement. I hope that the question will be met in a spirit of calmness and candor, and finally settled in a manner to add strength and stability, instead of bringing any danger to the existence of our Union. In all our differences of opinion, we should never cease to remember that we are fellow citizens of one common and glorious country, nor to exercise mutual and friendly forbearance.

But, gentlemen, waiving all other considerations, indispensable engagements will prevent my attendance on the occasion which you have done me the honor to invite me.

With great respect I am
Your friend and ob't servant,
H. CLAY.

THE CHOLERA.

We are happy to announce the gradual mitigation of the Cholera in this city. In New York also it appears to be on the decrease. In Cincinnati there have been, from the 16th ult. to the 18th inst., 2,475 deaths by cholera, of which nearly two thousand were foreigners. The entire deaths for the month was 3,615, making a daily average mortality of 117. On the 13th inst., the interments were less than one hundred per day. It had been nearly two hundred. In St. Louis, also, the pestilence seems to have done its worst, and the number of interments has been reduced to eighty per day. Compared with those of 180 and 190, this is a very favorable change. The deaths in St. Louis since the 8th of June, when the cholera broke out, have been 5,531, of which 3,962 were by cholera. From the first of June to the 9th of July, the reports show 3,484 deaths, exhibiting, with its actual population of 55,000, a mortality of sixty-one in every thousand, or one out of about sixteen, in six weeks. In other places in the South and West, the disease appears to be dying away as rapidly as it grew in violence. Thank Heaven! that the scourge is passing away.

Clippings.

CUPIDS, the eyes are not to *see* with—
No more than wives were made to be with,
Or milk was sent us to drink tea with;
Some sages hint they're formed to weep with,
Others to cast a look like sheep with;
It's my belief they're meant—*to sleep with!*

☞ Why is a kiss like heartless worship? Because it is "lip service."

☞ Calhoun's reply to Benton's speech on the Wilmot Proviso, occupies seven compact columns of the Charleston Courier.

☞ Col. Fremont has been appointed Commissioner to run the Mexican boundary line, in place of Col. Weller.

☞ The Liverpool Albion states that a ship is forthwith to be despatched to California, with a cargo of the English fair sex, under the assured prospect that those who espouse them will pay their passage in their weight of gold.

☞ We learn from the Paris National that "New Orleans, in the United States, has been submerged and abandoned."

☞ There is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to Medicine, Advice and Kicks.

☞ "We have not room to day to say all we could of the beauties and comforts of this delightful place, among which we cannot omit to mention a very pleasant, social and good looking circle of ladies, with any quantity of "little angels" in long robes, *looking as if they had just been snowed down from the blossoms of Paradise.*"—*Mirror.*

☞ When you want butter, do not use the butter knife, but always your own, after making it nice and clean by drawing it several times over *your tongue, and through your lips!*

☞ It is said that since the flight of the Pope from Rome, 70,000 copies of the Bible have been sold in that city.

☞ You often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never heard of a woman being in the same predicament.

☞ Dickens, it is calculated, received 3s. 6d. for every word in his last work, "The Ghost's Bargain."

☞ The word murder contains in itself the secret, nine times in ten, of its existence in our language. Backwards it spells Red Rum. Oh how many murders has rum been the chief cause?

☞ A letter has been received from Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forester) stating that she is decidedly better.

☞ There is a kind of pity for "the people," now in vogue, which is most effeminate. To address such stuff to the people is not to give them anything, but to take away what they have.

☞ Horn, the inveterate joker, went to the North River, to see a ship that was advertised to sail for Bremen. On returning, the wag remarked that he had been to *see* the ship, but on arriving at the pier, he found that she had gone to *sea* herself.

☞ The Salem Advertiser says: "An old sea captain tells us, that in his extensive experience, he never has known warmer weather, night and day, in any part of the world, than we had here last week."

☞ It will be a sad day for the liberties of this country, when the Press shall cower before sectarian bigotry and ecclesiastical dictation.

☞ A dandy black entered a book store, and with a very consequential air, inquired, "Hab you a few quires of letter paper of the very best rate for a gentleman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I s'pose," said he, "my stay at de Spring may be about two or three weeks. Gib 'nough quires to write four letters."

General News.

RELATIVE COST OF MATTRESSES.

Hair Mattresses.—These are generally sold by weight, and cost from 50 to 75 cents per pound; 30 or 40 pounds will cost $15 to $25.

Woollen Mattresses.—30 pounds of wool, at 30 cents per pound, $9; 13 yards of ticking, at 12½ cts. per yard, $1,50; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total $13 25.

Feather Beds.—40 pounds of feathers, at 30 cents per pound, $12 00; 13 yards of ticking, at 12½ cents per yard, $1,87½; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total, $16 62½.

Moss or Corn-shuck Mattresses, ready made, $12. The labor of properly preparing the shucks constitutes its main cost, and which cannot be done for less than the above price, all materials furnished.

Cotton Mattresses.—30 pounds of cotton, even at 8 cts. per pound, $2 40; 12 yards of ticking, at 12½ cents per yard, $1 50; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total, $6,65.—*N. O. Paper.*

THE BEST PROOF.—Dr. Thomas S. Bryant, who furnished the Intelligencer's cholera receipt, which has given rise to so much controversy, says he has known from fifty to one hundred drops of laudanum to be given in cholera with good effects. Doses of twenty drops will not answer. The full dose, which some druggists say will kill anybody, he says, "I have taken myself with most positive success, as my being alive abundantly proves." Somebody has added a quart of brandy to his recipe, but he eschews the latter, and says:

"A drachm of the tincture of Cayenne pepper would be totally lost in this overflow of the ardent, and leave not a shadow behind, to say nothing of the diminution or total extinction of the effects of the other articles, upon which great reliance is to be placed."

CURIOUS FACT.—It is stated, as a fact, that not a single person employed in the gas houses at Cincinnati or Louisville, has yet been attacked with the cholera. The works are located in the lowest and most unhealthy part of the city, surrounded by disease; the families of the men working at the gas works have suffered severely, in common with their neighbors; the rolling mill and some other factories in the same location have been compelled to stop work, so many of their hands having died, and become sick; and the manufacturing business of Cincinnati generally has been seriously paralyzed from the same cause; *and yet not a case among the gas-works hands.* The same observation was made in London, in 1832, in regard to the gas-works there.

KOSSUTH AND THE HEBREWS.—It is related of Kossuth that he paid a visit to the Jewish Synagogue at Grosswardein while the Israelites were at prayer. After the service was over, he addressed them in his peculiar style, and requested forgiveness, in the name of the nation, for the unjust acts done and burdens imposed upon their race during so many centuries; he thanked them for their bravery and devotion to the public cause, and gave them a solemn assurance that from henceforth the law would acknowledge no distinctions between individuals based upon a difference of religious belief.

"A CIRCUMSTANCE."—The Providence Transcript, says the Chronotype, is responsible for the following:

"A young man of this city was about taking leave of his father, who was bound for California, he resolved upon opening the Bible and marking the first verse that met his eye applicable to the departed friend. He opened to the 28th chapter of Job, 1st verse: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they find it.' It is certainly a singular circumstance."

It certainly is a singular circumstance, considering that the verse is not to be found either in the Old or New Testament.—*Olive Branch.*

THE ROMAN ARMY.—The regular troops now defending Rome, amount to 16 000 men. Among them are 1,600 Swiss, who have passed from the Papal service to that of the Republic; 1,500 Poles and Hungarians, and about 6,000 Lombards. The Sicilians, Neapolitans, French, and others, amount together to about 1,400 men. About 2 000 civic guards have entered the regular service. The remainder is composed of Roman volunteers. Besides these regular troops, the civic guard and the armed people defend the walls, and sometimes take part in the sallies.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION IN CHOLERA.—A curious experiment was recently tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera, but the beds were in fact new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours. We state this upon the authority of the London Medical Times.

MASSACHUSETTS DENOMINATIONAL STATISTICS.—The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information, published this year, gives the names of the churches and ministers of every denomination in each town. The following is a summary of the principal denominations:—Trinitarian Congregationalist Churches, 165; Calvinist Baptist, 233; Methodist, 207; Unitarian, 167; Universalist, 139; Episcopalian, 57; Roman Catholic, 27.

THE POTATO.—The hope is indulged from an examination of the potato patches this year, that the "potato cholera" is passing away. The plant now exhibits the old-fashioned indications of health and vigor which belonged to it years ago. The tops have a fresh and healthful hue, and are well covered with seed balls. This last indication is regarded as a sign of returning health to the constitution of the potato race, which for a number of years has presented but very few seed balls.

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.—It was contemplated by the early founders of the Republic, that Canada should form a part of the United States, as appears from the following article, specially inserted in the old Articles of Confederation of 1778:—

"Art. II.—Canada acceding to this Confederation and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this Union: *but no other Colony* shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by the nine States."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Cooper has sent to the press a new novel with the singular title of "Ways of the Hour." Mr. Paulding has also a new novel in press, to be entitled "The Puritan and his Daughter." "Mexico and the United States," is the title of a forthcoming work by Major Ripley, U. S. A. The distinguished Divine, Dr. Hawks, has a work in press on "Egypt and its Monuments, as illustrative of Scripture History."

THE JEWISH RITUAL.—At the recent consecration of the West London Synagogue, a new and elegant place of worship, the Rev. Mr. Mark stated that the Scriptural observances of the Jews had fallen off, and needed reformation, that a modification of the ritual had become necessary, and that the female portion of the congregation should be elevated from the degrading position they had hitherto occupied.

EXTRAORDINARY FECUNDITY IN FARM STOCK.—Mr. Morgan of St Armand, Missisquoi, had on his farm an extraordinary case of fecundity in his stock. On the same day in the past week, one of his brood mares dropped two live foals; a young three year old cow, four calves; and a breeding sow, 14 pigs; the whole are now living, and perfectly healthy.—*Montreal Herald.*

FATHER MATHEW.—He is a very plain, unpretending, small-sized, excellent man. While conversing with him, the question came spontaneously up in my mind—Where lies the mighty power of this meek, mild, good man? You will recollect on a momentous occasion, it was represented by a still, small voice."—*Boston Traveller.*

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.—A man lately confined in a jail in Sciota county, Ohio, for cattle stealing, managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and being captured by the Sheriff on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer: "I might have escaped, *but I had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.*"

SLAVES GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—M. Rowe, formerly one of the publishers of the Belfast (Me.) Journal, but now on the road to California, writes to that paper, May, 13, in Camp, twenty miles west of Independence—"I have seen as many as a dozen teams going along with their families of slaves."

☞ WHAT NEXT.—Dr. J. F. Wright, of Greenfield, Ohio, has invented a machine to print the names of subscribers on newspapers, by which eighteen hundred papers can be directed in an hour, with the greatest accuracy. It is to be patented.—*Mill. Sent.*

COLT'S PISTOLS.—One hundred men are employed in making these instruments at Hartford. They turn out one hundred and twenty a week, and the demand is almost as many for each day.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Letters from San Francisco to May the 19th, one day later than previous accounts, have been received, via Mazatlan. The market was overstocked with many descriptions of goods, which were selling at low rates. Some dozen vessels were daily expected from the Celestial Empire.

The charges for storage and landing goods were enormous—from $3 to $4 per month was charged storage, and $6 to $8 per ton for landing goods. The anchorage was crowded with vessels, and others were arriving daily. Some hundred more were expected in August. Many articles of merchandise could be purchased from 30 to 50 per cent. discount in the invoice. Building materials, principally house frames complete, boats of good descriptions, and carts with every thing complete, would do well. Provisions and clothing were abundant and cheap. Lumber was worth $180 per thousand feet, and scarce at that. Large portions of the inhabitants in San Francisco were madly gambling in land.

New towns were being laid out in different spots around the bay, and building lots in wilderness sites, were selling from $1,500 to $2,000 each.

San Francisco was full of people, and it is not an uncommon thing for twenty or thirty individuals to occupy one small apartment; the tents about the town are innumerably crowded. Rooms, 20 feet square, let from $600 to $800 *per annum*. Building lots, worth two years since, $200, now sell for $50,000.

The gold dust this season had not been dug out very freely, owing to the swollen state of the streams; but no doubts were entertained but that as much would be gathered this year as last—as the number of laborers this season exceeded those of the previous one.

At the mines, as yet, matters remain pretty quiet; but fears are entertained that ere long there will be serious disturbances between our countrymen and the Mexicans—as some six thousand of the latter have arrived in the country and evinced a most turbulent disposition. You may rest assured, however, that should any important outbreaks take place they *will be shot down to a man*.

News has just been received that six men in 20 days, near the Feather River, procured *sixty thousand dollars* in gold dust.

The ship Grey Eagle, from Philadelphia, J. C. Fremont, from Baltimore, the Huntress from Valparaiso, and another ship have just arrived, and thus they pour in almost daily. There are upwards of seventy square rigged vessels now in port, and a number of small craft. The Hortensia sailed from this port to-day for Mazatlan.

DESPATCHES FOR CALIFORNIA

A telegraphic despatch from Washington says:

Wm. Carey Jones, whose resignation as Secretary of the Board of Mexican Commissioners has been previously announced, will leave this city in a few days for California, with most important despatches to Gen. Persifer F. Smith, in relation to the future government of that country, as President Taylor has determined to take all needful responsibility in our unorganized territories for the preservation of order.

Varieties.

RIVAL SINGERS.—Jenny Lind is a blonde, with eyes of a polar blue. Her face, far from pretty, is well lighted with expression and sentiment, and her person has that Northern grace, a little awkward and affected, but still not without its charm. Her voice has neither remarkable scope nor strength, but she governs it with incomparable art—with a facility, a dainty lightness, that is wonderful. Her acting, which is intelligent and much more finished than that of most lyric actors, errs a little in its exaggerated sensibility. At pathetic points, she executes a *shiver*, with her chest, her lips and her hands—a caricature of feeling which is not perceived in London, where mimicry of all kinds must be exaggerated to suit the public taste.

Alboni, now, since Jenny Lind has re-entered the Scandinavian fogs, finds herself the star of the Queen's Theatre. To better rival her formidable predecessor, she has endeavored to be not only a singer, but an actress, and—(oh, of what is feminine self love incapable!)—she has found a way to dis-fatten, somewhat, her languid proportions! By next year, accidents excepted, Alboni will have a waist!

TWO OR TEN—"Scraps," of the Tuscaloosa Observer, is "some pumpkins," sure, if we may judge from the following laconic correspondence:—Scraps used to manage the business affairs of an uncle in Pittsburg, who, among other peculiarities, was very economical of words. One day the old gentleman, hearing that there was a boat at the wharf, by which he wished to make a large shipment of coal, wrote thus to Scraps:—

DEAR SCRAPS:—
; board. Yours,
NUNCLE.

Scraps beat him, though, at his own game. He wrote back:—

DEAR NUNC:—
Yours, SCRAPS.

Explanation—Se mi col on: (See my coal on board.) Col on: (Coal on.)

O'CONNELL ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.—"One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell, said, I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings you will find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of Popery would have naturally been practiced, to court the ruling powers by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of King John," observed Mr. Lucas, (the editor of the Tablet,) "*Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope.*"

"That," replied O'Connell "*is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual dominion.*"—*Daunt's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

LILY ENCRINITE (Stone Lily).—Among the "Wonders of Geology," more than 9,000 different kinds of animals have been found changed into stone. The Lily Encrinite, consisted of an immense number of little joints or bones—those in the head alone being estimated at 26,000. The bones in the entire animal were not less than 150,000, as each bone must have had one muscle for expansion, and another for contraction, all the muscles of the animal must have amounted to 300,000; forming a muscular apparatus far exceeding that of any other animal known. The animal was fixed at the bottom of the ocean, and could move only by bending and reaching its flexible column, which was admirably fitted for the purpose.

AN APPROPRIATE ENVOY.—In the Times' Parisian intelligence the other day, it was stated that:—

"The French Government received on Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, the official news that M. Lesseps, the Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Rome, had positively become deranged in his intellect."

We sincerely hope that this piece of news is a hoax; but if M. Lesseps has really gone mad, we can only say—considering the character of Gallic intervention in Roman affairs—that he has become the best possible representative of the French Government at Rome.—*Punch.*

SULPHUR *versus* SARSAPARILLA, ETC.—Since the good old fashioned doses of sulphur and molasses gave way to the more modish preparations for "purifying the blood," (such as sarsaparilla, chanchalagua, &c., &c.,) cutaneous humors, herpes, hemorrhoids, erysipelas and scrofula, have become much more common and incurable than they used to be. We do not know why sulphur was thus set aside for these flaunting quack nostrums, unless, peradventure, it be because it was so simple and cheap; but of this we feel assured, that great injury has resulted from its falling into disuse.—*Correspondent Olive Branch.*

THE CHINESE CURE FOR CHOLERA.—The ordinary and most convenient treatment is this—the tongue of the patient is punctured in innumerable places with the point of a table knife, or a crystal blade, so as to provoke an abundant effusion of blood. Then, whilst some of the attendants stretch the principal nerves by main force, others give the patient severe blows on the chest, the back, the thighs and the hips, until torrents of blood gush forth. When the crisis is over, the patient recovers at the cost of numerous scars and bruises, and a skin as black as that of a negro.

EDWIN FORREST.—Mr. Edwin Forrest calls the general expression of disgust at his conduct, on the part of the press, "cowardice and malice," and bombastical declares his intention to go straight onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left! If he could turn completely round, and retrace regretfully the preposterous path which he has been treading for a year back, he might possibly recover some portion of the respect of many who have been compelled to condemn him at the expense of both pride and feeling.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

FOURTH OF JULY PROPHECY.—The Sunday Times thus winds up its annual "vent to its feelings:"—

"Of one thing, reader, be thou sure—the Yankee eagle one day
Will stretch his wings from Behring's Straits beyond the Bay of Fundy,
And from the Pole to Panama, when sleeping I and you lie,
Will all belong to Uncle Sam some future *Fourth of July.*"

CHINESE MODE OF ADMINISTERING OATHS.—The witness is made to kneel, and to break a saucer on a bar in front of him. The following oath is then administered:—"You shall tell the truth, and the whole truth; the saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer."

AN APT QUESTION.—The Directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad have determined to employ no one who uses intoxicating drinks upon that road.—*Exchange Paper.*

Wonder if all the Directors and other officers abstain from wine and other intoxicating drinks?—*Lynn News.*

LINES ON A KITTEN.

[There is a tender and tranquil beauty in the following lines, which goes directly to the reader's heart. Read and weep:]

Here lies, by death smitten,
A helpless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older, we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of wo;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
That land to which other cats go.

CHERRY JAM.—First stone, and then weigh some freshly gathered preserving cherries; boil them over a brisk fire for an hour, keeping them almost constantly stirred from the bottom of the pan, to which they will otherwise be liable to stick and burn. Add half a pound of good sugar, roughly powdered, for each pound of the fruit, and boil the preserve quickly for twenty minutes, taking off the scum as it rises. The blanched kernals of part of the cherries may be added to the jam five minutes before it is taken from the fire.

REMEDY FOR CRAMPS.—A correspondent of the New York Sun mentions a simple remedy for cramps, which he says he has tested in many cases with invariable success. It consists in tying a handkerchief around the forearm, a little distance above the wrist, and then placing a stick underneath and twisting the handkerchief tightly. In a minute the cramp will desert, if then the handkerchief hurts let it be slackened, and on a recurrence of the cramp tightened again.

THE POWER OF REFLECTION.—The most extraordinary thing in connection with Gin Palaces, notwithstanding the profusion of every known and unknown ornament, is the absence of mirrors.—This may be accounted for by the fact that publicans are well aware that, if a drunkard could only see himself, he would immediately turn away in horror from the glass.—*Punch.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	107	107½	Mechanics'	27½	27½
" '62	111¾	112	Southwark	70	80
" '67	116½	117	Kensington	58	60
" '68	117	117½	P Township	28	23½
" 5s '53	101¼	102	Girard	1¼	14¼
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	58½
" 5s '51	98	101	Man & Mechs	25½	26
U S Tr N 6s	116¼	116½	Bk of Com	51	52
" 1 mill	116	—	Camden N J	51	—
Philada 6s	103	103½	Germantown	49	58
" 5s	98	—	Trenton Brg Co	22	—
" Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	51	—
County 5s	85	86	M & M, Pitts	59	—
Penna 6s	99	99½	Exchange, Pitts	49½	50
" 5s	88½	89	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	102	—	Louisville, Ky	95	96
Tennessee 6s	85½	86	Kentucky Bk	97	100
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	103	108
Cincinnati 6s	95	98	Union, Tenn	50½	51
Texas T. Notes	9	10	Planters, Tenn	54	—
" bds	8	—	Vicksburg	16¼	16½
Schuyl N 6s	51¼	51½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" 1st	54	—	N O Gas Bk	105	115
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuylkill Nav	16	18
" 1st loan	55	57	Lehigh Nav	26	27½
" Mort 6s	88	89	C & Del Cl	79	80
C & Del Cl 6s	89	89½	Morris Cl	9	9½
C & Am R 6s	97	98	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	35
Ben Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	11¼	11½
Susquech Cl 6s	54	57½	Cam & Am R	130	133
Norris'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	39½	40
Harrisburg R 6s	99	—	Ben Mdw R	20	21½
Wil R 6s	88	89	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	63	63½	Norris Am Cl	—	12
" Mort 6s	65	66	Susquech Cl	11	11
U S Bk Notes	99	90	Norristown R	13½	14
U S Bk Shares	2½	2½	Harrisburg R	48½	50
N Amer Bk	124	125½	Wilmington R	28	28½
Penna Bk	109	109½	Reading R	18¼	18½
Philadelphia	128	129	Minehill R	45	47
Far & Mec	61	61½	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Commercial	56	57	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

● Shares been divided into 3 shares.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were 1,400 head, of these 1,000 head were sold here and the remainder driven to N. York. Beeves are selling at prices ranging from $6 to 7 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 800 in the market, and all sold at from $4.50 to 4.75 per 100 lbs; an extra lot brought $5. Cows—There were 100 sold as follows—$15 to 25 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $4 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Offered 1,500 beef cattle, (all Southern,) 75 cows and calves, and 4,000 sheep and lambs. Sales of beef cattle at from 6 to 7½c per lb; sales occasionally above and below these figures, which, however, represent the true average of the market. A lot of 40 head were purchased for shipment to the Bermuda market, and about 200 left over. Business on the whole rather dull, though not more so than is usually the case at this season of the year. Cows and calves sell at from $20 to $30a$45, as in quality.—15 left over. Sheep and lambs in good supply; a few of the former at $2 25 a $3 50, and the latter at $1 50 a $2 to $3 50; 200 unsold.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 21.

There was scarcely any body on 'Change to day, and the absence of the letter mail checked business very materially. The low grade of Western Flour are rather lower, while the better descriptions are firm. The news did not help prices any. Sales to the day comprise 5,000 bbls at $4 31 a $4 37½ for sour and $4 75 a $4 87½ for common state. Other kinds are without change from yesterday. There were in the above about 2,000 bbls for export.

Southern Flour remains steady, with sales of 300 bbls at $5¼, $5 for the whole range the latter price for new Brandywine. Rye Flour is dull at $3—the sales not exceeding 200 bbls. Meal is $2,94, with moderate business.

ASHES—The sales of the day are 120 bbls, including Pots at $5,8 a $5,69, and Pearl at $6.

The market for cotton is no better since the Caledonia's news, though the prices obtained are very full; sales reach 2,000 bales.

GRAIN—Wheat remains unsettled and quotations would be entirely nominal. Some parcels were reported sold, but I could not trace them. Rye is dull at 57c. Oats are in good demand—the sales reaching 27 000 bushels at 37a38c. In corn there is no material change, and a good demand prevails. The sales are 55,000 bushels at 55c for round mixed; 52 cts for damaged; 54 a56c for Western mixed; 57c for do yellow and 59 a 59½c for round.

WHISKEY—About 300 bbls Ohio and Prison changed hands at 21a 21½c.

OIL—In Linseed the sales are 5,000 gallons at 58a 60c.

FISH—There is a good demand for dry Cod, and about 2,000 quintals Western Bank and St. George's changed hands, to arrive, at $2, 6a 2,75.

PROVISIONS—Ohio Pork is rather better again to-day, and the sales are 100 bbls, in lots at $10,75a10, 81 for mess, and $9 for prime. Beef continues firm at the advance, and the sales are 200 bbls at $13.00 14,50 for mess, and some country prime at $4 50. Lard remains firm, with sales of 200 bbls at 6¼a7 cts, and extra lots do at 7c. For Cut Meats the demand is active, and the operations comprise 4000 lbs at 4½c for plain Hams, and 7c for extra sugar cured. Butter is firmer for Ohio, with sales at 7a11c; Western is 8 a 9c. Cheese is more saleable, and quoted at 5a6½c.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2 00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1 50
For one square, 6 months,	$20 00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

Payment is required in advance.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 14th to the 20th July.

July 14, received from

W B Zeiber	$1 50	V. Ramsour	2 00
E. Barnes	2 00	J. Clayton	2 00
A Lacoste	2 00	J. Terrell	5 00
E H Corbett	5 00	H. Rowland	1 00
A. Tait	1 00	A. Coit	5 00
H. Wicks	1 00	J. Roth	2 00
J. D. Woodley	10 00	J. Norton	1 00
Miss M. C. McClenahan	2 00	S. Reynolds	3 00
J. R. Heyes	10 00	C. R. Lankman	5 31
T. W. Field	5 00	B. C. Wiley & Co	15 00
		S. M. & T. Peel	10 00

July 16.

G. L. Constable	2 00	Mrs. C. D. Hosmer	2 00
C. A. Ledaman	2 00	Miss M. A. Baumer	2 00
A. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. C. Wenbridge	2 00
R. Bailey	20 00	G. W. Hedenback	10 00
A. L. Alexander	2 00	W. W. Paxton	5 00
W. Werman	1 25	Miss C. E. Crossen	1 00
J. W. Van Winkle	5 00	C. F. E. Von Harten	10 00
E. T. Stowell	2 00	W. P. Kendall	5 00
A. Dewey	2 00	D. D. Sonsen & Co.	20 50
F. Hagan & Co.	10 00	A. H. & D. Seal	10 00
W. K. Payne	5 00	C. S. Wonderly & Co	15 00

July 17.

D. Berry	5 00	S. Reed	5 00
T. Decker & Son	9 64	F. Case	1 00
E. Murphree & Co.	3 00	H. H. Kerr	11 00
Mrs. Cibberd	2 00	J. H. Dixon	2 00
T. Bryant	1 25	Mrs. E. W. Melvin	2 00
R. Hanley	5 00	C. H. Potter	15 00
J. Wilder	5 00	N. & H. Hale	10 00

July 18.

N. Newton	1 50	G. Buhl	1 00
J. D. Jones	1 00	Mrs. J. Keyburn	1 00
R. Smethurst	2 00	H. Spilman	50
J. Brown	1 00	D. Donahue	1 00
J. Nelson	1 00	J. McNally	1 00
L. Renvert	1 00	A. Hall	50
J. Byerly	1 00	F. Weldy	1 00
C. Velder	1 00	J. Roding	1 00
C. Wanderly	1 00	J. Barnett	1 00
L. Bishop	2 00	H. Corfield	1 00
S. Watson	1 00	W. H. Butler	1 00
W. Lack	1 00	R. C. Chance	1 00
E. B. Leeds	1 00	G. Wevill	1 00
J. Abbott	1 00	S. K. Evans	2 00
C. Cline	2 00	W. Wright	1 00
C. Hearney	1 00	A. B. Stevens	2 00
W. B. Kelly	1 00	S. W. Fowle	37 50
R. Blood	1 00	T. H. Gibbons	5 00
R. Shaw	1 00	I. Lucie	10 00
C. Cline	2 00	J. Weiser	2 00
J. B. Mason	2 00	The Hermans Society	20 00
D. Graham	5 00	J. R. Goewiler	1 00
J. J. Wheeler	2 00	J. Stevens	2 00
G. Farle	1 00	J. F. Beck	1 00
R. White	1 00	S. Harman	4 00
S. Clymer	1 00	C. R. Hoober	5 00
H. Smiley	2 00	B. Ford	1 00
J. B. Wilson	1 00	D. W. Keeney	1 00
J. Shelock	1 00	W. Williams	1 00
Mrs. F. H. Hunt	2 00	H. Hillary	2 00
J. Daly	1 00	J. Kinzer	22 00
T. Q. Moffett	1 00	J. H. Branham	5 00
A. H. Shepherd	1 00	W. Fromholm	2 00
D. Jones	1 00	K. C. Bell	5 00
J. Harrison	1 00	D. May	5 00
T. Land	1 00	E. Brown	2 00

July 19.

J. Ankrim & Co.	2 00	S. May	2 00
N. Jay	1 00	Miss R. Hooper	2 00
M. B. Matterson	1 00	W. Schott	5 00
J. Haskell	1 00	A. M. Rehn	5 00
A. G. Moyer	2 00	A. Robinson	1 00
G. W. Rockhill	2 00	S. F. Lyndall	14 00
A. French	2 00	S. Hodge	2 00
J. K. Robbins	2 00	E. D. Roberts	2 00
R. D. M. Dunlap	1 00	S. L. Ivins & Co.	10 00
Dr. O. Osgood	5 00	L. M. Noelle & Co.	10 00
G. C. Randlett	1 00		

July 20.

Dr. J. S. Stout	1 50	O. L. Harrison	1 00
T. E. Deacon	1 00	W. Thoradgill	1 00
J. Lile	1 00	J. Olmstead	10 00
W. F. Ares	10 00	C. Smith	5 00
A. A. Lockwood	5 00	T. Nixon	2 00
T. Brewster	2 00	H. Ferguson	1 00
Capt. A. R. Ramsey	5 00	W. White	2 00
C. Holt	1 00	R. D. Bayley & Co.	15 00
W. P. Rembert	5 00	S. M. Trotto & Co.	10 00
J. B. Wynne	2 00		

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ALMANAC.

July, 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
28 Saturday,	4 53	7 7	9 3	
29 Sunday,	4 54	7 6	9 49	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	4 55	7 5	10 35	
31 Tuesday,	4 56	7 4	11 24	
1 Wednesday,	4 57	7 3	12 9	Full 5 8 23
2 Thursday,	4 58	7 2	12 53	Last 13 2 1
3 Friday,	4 59	7 1	1 31	New 19 4 6
4 Saturday,	5 0	7 0	2 12	First 26 7 28

Marriages.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Cutler, D. D., JAMES C. COLLINS, of Philadelphia, to E. MATILDA, daughter of the late John N. Moulder, of Washington City.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Pierrett, Mr. ROBERT LANG, to Miss MATILDA BARCLAY.

On the 10th of May, by Ald. Clark, Mr. WM. VANTASSEL, of Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH HOWELL, of Bristol Township, Bucks county.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. WILLIAM POWER, to Mrs. MARY DUNLOP, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAMES BUCHANAN, to Miss ELIZA J. HORTMAN.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Geo. W. Lynwood, Mr. ISAAC LONG, to Miss LYDIA JONES, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. at the church of the Nativity, Sp. Garden, by the Rev. N. Sayre Harris, CHARLES S. WAYNE, of this city, to ELIZABETH A. daughter of Col. Joseph L. Harper, formerly of Dover, Del.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, JAS. HACKETT, of Baltimore, to HELEN F. daughter of the Rev. John Chambers, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Levi Stock, Mr. WM. FORBES to Miss MARGARET LEE, all of Southwark.

In Canton, Pa. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. James Montgomery, Mr. JOHN BLACK, of Stephenville, Canton county, to Miss ANN WALLS, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. T. P. A[illegible], Mr. ALBERT A. DUNTON, to JANE C. daughter of Thos. Fay, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. ENOCH THOMAS, of Pottsville, Pa. to Miss HANNAH E. JONES, of Newcastle county, Del.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. H. D. Gillette, HENRY MILLER, to JANE PATTERSON, all of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. THEODORE WILLIAMS, to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Andrew Black, Mr. CHARLES H. PAULSON, of Pittsburg, to Miss ELIZABETH D. daughter of James Gormly, Esq. of Allegheny.

Deaths.

On the 5th of June, at St. Louis, of cholera, MARGARET, wife of Nelson Dean, and daughter of Jesse Gilliam, of Philadelphia, in her 3[illegible] year.

Oh weep not for her, who from suffering and sorrow,
Hath fled to the clime of peaceful accord,
Whose spirit in heaven now rejoices the [illegible] morrow,
For blessed are they who die in the Lord.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. MARGARET PEASE, aged 75.
On the 20th inst. THOMAS HENRY, son of Thomas T. and Susan Hough, aged 5 months.
On the 2[illegible] inst. at West Philadelphia, ANN SELVER, daughter of Dr. J. S. Rowe, aged 20 years.
On the 20th inst. Mr. GEORGE GLOSSINGER, aged 62.
On the 2[illegible] instant, Mrs. HANNAH M. WATERMAN, aged 24 years.
On the 18th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH SIMMONS, aged 90.
On the 19th inst. THOS. AUBERCKE, aged 63 years.
On the 19th inst. Mr. NICHOLAS L. WELLS.
On the 18th inst. Mrs. DOROTHEA, wife of Lewis Fisher.
On the 18th inst. MARGARET FLANNERY.
On the 17th inst. Miss JANE BLOOM, aged 48 years.
In Trenton, N. J., on the 19th inst. MARTHA A. wife of Edward E. Jones, formerly of this city, aged 27.
On the 17th inst. FRANCIS A. HINTON, aged 45.
On the 18th inst. at Charleston, DEL ADALINE, wife of Robert Cook, of St. Louis, Mo.
On the 17th inst. JOSEPH S. SHOWDEN, Sr. aged 77.
On the 18th inst. EDWARD CLARENCE, son of Allen and M. L. Reinhart, aged 3 years and 9 months.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. ANN W. BOCKIUS.
On the 15th instant, BENJ. W. NICHOLSON, son of J. S. and Sarah A. Nicholson, aged 7 years.
At Burlington, N. J. Miss FRANCES MARTIN, aged 58 years.
On the 19th inst. JOHN WOOD, son of John and Jessie Money, aged 11 years.
On the 19th inst. Mrs. SIDNEY SAUNDERS, aged 68.
On the 18th inst. CHRISTIANA, wife of John Cook, aged 40 years.
On the 17th inst. NATHAN DAVIDSON, aged 71.
On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH STROUP, aged 73.
On the 18th inst. Mr. ISAAC SHOW, aged 44 years.
On the 20th inst. Mrs. SARAH ALLEN, aged 85.
On the 17th inst. ANN FRENCH, aged 25 years.
On the 17th inst. Mr. GEORGE SALLINGTON, aged 44.
On the 17th inst. PATRICK GARVIN, aged 64 years.
On the 18th inst. HARRY OSCAR, son of Theophilus and Elizabeth Mickle, aged 4 months.
On the 18th inst. MARIA WATSON, aged 57 years.
On the 19th inst. JOHN, son of David and Margaret Drain.
On the 17th inst. PATRICK DUGAN, aged 41 years.
On the 17th inst. Mr. JONATHAN SMITH.
On the 16th inst. CATHARINE K. HARMAN, aged 15.
On the 17th inst. EDWARD J. JOHNSON, aged 45.
On the 15th inst. WM. HENRY, son of Alexander and Mary M. Rose, aged 18 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, July 28, 1849.*

PENNSYLVANIA		NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U. S. bank notes	11 dis	VERMONT.	
Girard do	par	Bank of St Albans	2 dis
Tradesmen's bk	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis	CONNECTICUT.	
York	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Berks county	no sale	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Gettysburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Lewistown	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis	CANADA.	
Pittsburg	½ dis	Montreal	4 dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Washington	½ dis	Bk of Va and branches	1 dis
Erie	10 dis	Far. Bk & branch	1 dis
Susquehanna co'nty	12 dis	Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Lebanon	par	Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Lehigh county bk	no sale	Wheeling	1 dis
Towanda	no sale	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Honesdale	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
West Branch	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Wyoming	½ dis	So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	Small notes	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	GEORGIA.	
Pottsville	par	Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Relief notes	1 dis	Central Bk of Mill.	3 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Georgia R R Co	2 dis
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Ruckersville Bkg Co	—
Plainfield	closed	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
N Hope Del Br'ge	90 dis	ALABAMA.	
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis	Bk of Mobile	2 dis
DELAWARE.		Country banks	4 dis
All solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	unc
Baltimore banks	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Mineral bank	½ dis	FLORIDA.	
Salisbury	uncertain	So. Life & Trust Co.	—
Frederick county	½ dis	OHIO.	
Cumberland	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Washington county	1 dis	Com. Bk of Scioto	15 dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis	Small notes	2 dis
Far and Mil'ers bk	no sale	KENTUCKY.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		All solvent bks	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
NEW YORK.		INDIANA.	
City banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
Canal bk, Albany	1½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis	ILLINOIS.	
Oswego	20 dis	Bank of Illinois	80 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	State bank	70 dis
James bank	½ dis	Bank of Cairo	—
Atlas bank	6a30 dis	MISSOURI.	
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
No there Ex bk	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
Country banks	½ dis	All solvent bks	2½ dis
MAINE.		MICHIGAN.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bk. of St. Clair	no sale
		Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
		ARKANSAS.	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	—
		Bank of Milwaukie	—
		IOWA.	
		Miners Bank	—

A PALPABLE HIT.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is already on our table. The work contains some dozen or more pages than any of its contemporaries. More original matter and more engravings, which we think cannot be surpassed. The Book speaks for itself, and may well defy comparison with any similar publication. One thing we dislike to see in its would-be rivals: every new feature that Godey introduces in his popular work, is taken as a pattern by them, which is sufficient evidence for us that they consider his the Model Magazine.—*Pa. Enquirer.*

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CAUTION.—The public are cautioned against Charles H. Harrison and Charles Loomis, who are travelling in the Western States obtaining money for various Eastern publications, and pocketing the money without making returns to the publishers. They are impostors, and the press should give the fact general publicity. We make this notice at the request of the publishers of Sartain's Magazine, who have been informed from various quarters of the operations of these scamps.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1849.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It should be a component part of a Lady's centre table.—*Greene Pictorial, Ill.*

Peterson has taken the subscribers by storm with the July number. It is a double number, and a splendid one.—*Lowell News.*

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine for July is a model number containing seventy two pages and seven embellishments. To add to the contributions to its contribution from the gifted authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, are [illegible] ever of the day, and it [illegible] that once a magazine can be obtained for a year.—*N. Jersey Journal.*

Peterson, for July, is on our table. "The Gentle Warning" is one of the most crowded and *mezzotint* engravings we have ever seen.—*Scientific American.*

Peterson presents a number of unusual attractions, with its literary contents [illegible] paper, that it is that magazine at a less price than its contemporaries, he seems disposed to rival them in merit.—*Niagara Democrat.*

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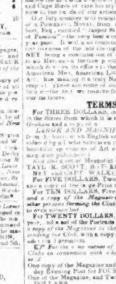

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N. B.—Dealers are requested to call and examine our large stock before purchasing elsewhere, as they will find it to their advantage to do so. Goods sent to all parts of the United States. apr9-tf

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE SOME JOURNAL.

THE POET'S DECLARATION.

BY RONDRO STEIL.

Twilight shadows gathering round me,
Firelight flickering on the wall,
With their waving drapery bound me,
Round me and the quaint old chair,
Quaint old hall where I sat dreaming
Idly in an antique spell;
Watching the frill flotilla's wave!
Spiritual visions-vampire and ghost-no
Morning 'mid the drapery there.

Child that once sat the shadows clothed,
Then would his drapery rise and fall—
Clothing in when the curtain waved!
Visions came—as the fanciful call—
Fairy, fate visions, wonderful spirits,
Came and looked into my eyes!

Too calm to waken a call surprise—
Elicit their steps in the light that rifled
The dim, sweet gloom that severed them late.

Was I afraid, when my tabling fancies
Called them to me my grand old chair?
Ah, no! eager for quaint romances,
I saw and sense fingerings there.
Sitting calm as a stately Emperor,
After the silvery music was finished;
Waited I till the vacuous syrens
With an eager joke those whom I saw dancing
Through, where the lifted drapery hung

Faint, faint forms, and sweet, sweet faces,
Hovered silent in the dreamy light,
Dimly enchanting eloquent graces,
Floating lessons and sense to sight.
And I will tell you—when you will listen!—
Of one visitant dear and fair
That came glidingly to my chair—
How was the power of her presence felt.
Will she not dark was her sabered hair.

Have your waists? Can't that dark hair flowing
Waved on the air like the wing of a bird—
Sweet was her look with its wild expression—
Sweet was her lip with its soft red word?
One word—but one—but one unuttered ever—
One love, clear, continued word.
Like a drooping cloud through shadows heard,
Over her lip in music flowing!—
Love,' dare,' 'love,' 'love,' was the whispered
word.

Closer and closer her white robe fastened
Through the dim drapery by twilight made—
Softer and lower the word that she uttered,
Over my head that I took no heed!
Her faint breath played, and her slender fingers
Like music on my cheeks did!
With a touch as soft as a touch of air—
And she kissed my brow as I wandering mut-
tered,
"Love!" eye, "love," answered young lips
rare.

One white arm, with a way caressing,
Lay like a wreath around my neck!
Close to mine was her warm cheek pressing
Close to mine her dark fingers fell!
The locks were by and the freight fettered,
Yet the sweet dear—the sweet dear—
Till my own arm was flooded with ecstacy!
And her voice was soft as an angel's breathing!—
As soft—as sweet—as pure!

But, ah! sweet spring! one arm reclining
Well retained the sweet fragile form!
The wonder ceased!—before me shining,
I saw that face and fattering her!
My love thrilled up with a full emotion,
And for cheek flushed a deeper hue,
Till I was confessed to—like—like—like you!
For the word she mentioned I'm weary pining—
Dearest, now, say the dream come true?

A Leaf from History

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROUSSEAU.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

[Fort. Lewes "Life of Robespierre," recently published by Carey & Hart, we take the following chapter descriptive of that philosophy which did much to produce the French Revolution.]

The Academy of Dijon having gained celebrity by its foolish programme, grew bolder, and proposed this monstrous question: *What is the origin of the inequality among men, and is it sanctioned by the law of nature?* Rousseau's famous *Discourse* did not obtain the prize, but it caused a greater sensation than any prize essay ever written. It is the paradox of the day. *Discours*, but more seriously meditated upon and more profound. It is less of a caprice, and more of a conviction. It is in a measure, vehement protest against civilization, a protest in favor of the poor against the rich, of the oppressed and degraded Many against the polished vicious Few. The very manuscript, I suppose, possessed the prize being awarded to the *Discours*. Perhaps it is that it excited the jealousies, frivolous society of France, and that the full success was not obtained till some years later, when the times had grown more serious.

"*L'homme par nature est un animal sauvage.*"—[The man who lives in a boyvood animal.] That is the keynote of the work; and it is nothing more than the aphoristic formula of the Cynic School. He admits that inequalities, physical as well as mental, exist, but these inequalities he attributes to the successive influence of civilization, with its luxuries, its subtleties, and its vices. In a state of nature, man's bodies being equally exercised, become equally vigorous and the healthy habit forces the healthy mind. He paints in glowing colors the ideal state of savage life, when men without language except a few expressive sounds such as animals uttered, roamed at will through the primeval forests of the solitude of affection, taking a wife to satisfy a passing desire, and heedless of his offspring, knew, simply, instinct, and few

Not with limited strength poring over miserable books!

This is what man was, and what he is, you are called upon to compare with that primeval state.

So far it only another statement of his former ideas, but as he proceeds, the dangerous consequences rigorously deduced from it appear. Men were born equal. Equality is health, is strength, is virtue in property. The earth belonged to all, and to none. Inequality began with the creation of the first slave, in favor of the law—it, and in favor, are the consecration of that spoliation:

"The first man who having enclosed a piece of land, took it into his head to say, This is mine, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. What crimes what battles, what murders, and what horrible miseries would he have spared the human race, who should have torn down the fence and exclaimed, Beware how you listen to this impostor! You are lost if you forget that the fruits belong to all, and the earth to no one!"

The bold attack upon the very nature of property startled the age, that even Voltaire called it the pleasantry of a harlequin! who examined the purse of a pauper the rich. It was passing beyond the limits of permissible paradox, and was becoming absolute nonsense was serious. But the objection naturally made, that a man, having built a wall his own land, was entitled to be master, by asking—Who gave you the right to build it? How can you pretend to be equal to the labor we, the masons, never imposed upon you? The unconscious consent of the whole human race was necessary before you could appropriate from the common lands more than was necessary for your own subsistence. You are rich! but we suffer! We would re-assert property. he was prepared to have. What are laws but the arbitrary assistance of men who wished to secure by the sanction of the strong the property of the weak? Rousseau was natural. But the objection naturally made, that a man, having built a wall his own land, was entitled to be master, by asking—Who gave you the right to build it? How can you pretend to be equal to the labor we, the masons, never imposed upon you? The unconscious consent of the whole human race was necessary before you could appropriate from the common lands more than was necessary for your own subsistence. You are rich! but we suffer! We would re-assert property. he was prepared to have. What are laws but the arbitrary assistance of men who wished to secure by the sanction of the strong the property of the weak? Rousseau was natural.

But this metaphysical method was in high favor at that period; and Rousseau's success is owing as much to his style as to his eloquence. It was the style of the time. He was a philosophical poet, and his sincere conviction of the truth of his ideas gave them a power which did not belong to the mere literary skill of the age. He was a poet who had the courage of his opinions, and who, in the midst of a society of sceptics, was a believer. He was a philosophical poet, and his sincere conviction of the truth of his ideas gave them a power which did not belong to the mere literary skill of the age. He was a poet who had the courage of his opinions, and who, in the midst of a society of sceptics, was a believer.

Rousseau